

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

Price \$1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.

Ad. rates—1c per word. 25c per inch (about 30 words), Quarter page \$1.00,

Half page \$1.75, Full page \$3.00. Display adverts., 50c per inch.

Four consecutive insertions for the price of three.

Vol. 9

NOVEMBER, 1940

No. 99

STRAYED FROM THE SEPULCHRE

or,

THE TOMB-TAMER OF TIP TOP

(J. P. Guinon)

Ask a number of well-informed readers of dime and nickel novels to name the most remarkable feat ever accomplished by a blood-and-thunder character, and there certainly will commence a tremendous and noisy argument as various astounding and incredible doings of this villain or that hero are claimed by their partisans to be the absolute tops in human performance.

For instance, it may be maintained that Diamond Dick pulled the ultimate when he shot out a switch light half-a-mile away one dark night and thus prevented a train wreck. Then there was the time Fred Fearnot killed approximately half a dozen assorted train robbers with one shot from his Winchester when he happened to catch them all in Indian file in the aisle of a railroad coach. It will almost certainly be mentioned that Frank Reade once found a hole 100 miles deep in the ocean and went to the bottom of it in one of his inventions. The feats of Springheel Jack, Grizzly Adams and Buffalo Bill surely come up for consideration, while attention, or course, is bound to be called to the performances of Frank Merriwell in the field of athletics, where his name has become legendary, to such an extent, that today every 90 yard touchdown run or each homer with the bases full reminds the sports writer or radio announcer who witnesses the deed of similar stunts pulled in the past by

the great Yale hero, and it seems that as long as athletes compete in this country the name of Merriwell will come to us occasionally over the air or on the sports page. Merriwell is believed to have been capable, if necessary, of winning a high-hurdle race with an anvil attached to his right ankle by a fourteen-foot length of log-chain, although such an event was never recorded in Tip Top Weekly.

But, before the argument over amazing accomplishments is settled, there are some who are sure to remember that the most unbelievable feat, after all, was listed in this same Tip Top Weekly. It was soon after the beginning of the present century, and the person who performed it, surprising as it may seem, was not the Famous Frank or the Dauntless Dick or the House of Merriwell, nor any of the principal characters in the "King of Weeklies", as Tip Top was rightly called. The name of the prodigy who turned in the smash stunt of all time was Bernard Burrage, who appeared seldom and for but brief periods in the stories, had no more color than a glass of spring water, and was hardly of any more importance to the Merriwell tales, when everything is considered, than another grasshopper to the state of Kansas. His chief claim to recognition up to the time that he upset all the beliefs and traditions of the human race was that he had been selected by the author of the Merriwell stories to be the father of the principal girl character therein; he was merely a minor part of the background against which better known and more interesting figures of Tip Top Weekly moved;

a piece of scenery, so to speak, like a tree or the corner of a barn, to be stacked away with the other props when not needed. However, he was at least casually known to all the readers, well enough, at any rate, so that the thing he did attracted their instant attention and unbounded astonishment.

For Mr. Burrage did something never done before in the history of the world! If we are to believe our Tip Top, he lived and died twice! If you think that isn't something, try it sometime!

Some half a million Tip Toppers were properly and politely sorrowful when they read in No. 268 that poor Mr. Burrage, the father of Frank's fiancée, the incomparable Inza, had passed away. And because the author of the Merriwell stories possessed the ability, rare enough among writers, to make his characters seem to be real flesh and blood beings to his readers, the effect on most of the Tip Toppers was the same as if an actual person of their acquaintance had died. Hundreds of letters from the Tip Top fans poured into the offices of Street and Smith, the publishers, expressing sympathy for Inza, and their representations of regret were duly and solemnly acknowledged by Messrs. Street and Smith in the columns of Tip Top which were devoted to applause from readers. Poor Inza, of course, was hard hit by the loss of her father. Her marriage to Frank, which was practically imminent at the time, was necessarily postponed indefinitely, and, in accordance with the quaint customs prevalent in the backward age in which she lived, she went into deep mourning and wore it all over the pages of Tip Top for many months after the funeral.

But all the letters of condolence appeared slightly incongruous, not to say premature, and the sympathy of the fans for the fair Inza suddenly became rather hard to maintain when in Tip Top No. 375, the surprising Mr. Burrage came stalking forth from the tomb to which he had been consigned some two years before, and, with the utmost nonchalance and no word of explanation, resumed his old job among the Tip Top characters, quite as though nothing much had happened. He did, however, own up

to feeling somewhat poorly, which certainly was not to be wondered at.

The astonishment registered by half a million Tip Toppers when this stiff resumed his place among living men undoubtedly set a new all-time high for genuine unadulterated amazement. And the attitude of Frank, Inza and the other actors on the Tip Top stage seemed quite incomprehensible and did not help the situation at all, as none of them appeared in the least surprised at Bernard for kicking over his tombstone and getting back on the payroll. It was all very confusing and uncanny, and as the readers couldn't seem to figure it all out, most of them had recourse to the mails. Their letters on the subject to Street and Smith during the week following the appearance of Tip Top No. 357 burst like a modern blitzkrieg all over the offices of the firm at 238 William Street, New York City, and increased to such an extent for the succeeding few weeks, as the rejuvenated corpse of Burrage continued functioning in the stories, that they became a problem of the first magnitude to the publishers, who were out on a limb for fair. They were joined on their limb by the author, "Burt L. Standish", and on that figurative perch the cheator of the only living corpse in the history of fiction and the publishing firm whose presses had brought back this fearsome figure from its cold, dark grave, debated long and frantically on what to do.

They finally decided to completely ignore the amazing feat of the awful Mr. Burrage, and to pay as little attention as possible to the comments and inquiries of those Tip Toppers who could not seem to restrain their curiosity on the subject, a curiosity which, to the harassed publishers and author, must have seemed most ill-mannered and unkind. In line with this decision, they permitted the dead-alive Bernard to stick around all the rest of the summer of 1903 quite as though his presence was not against all the hitherto known laws of man and nature.

But he was definitely in bad odor, if the term may be permitted. Not only with the readers, who could not get used to such goings-on as the inmate of a graveyard hobnobbing with living persons, and not only with

the publishers, who with some justification and not a little irritation felt that they were in a helluva spot through no real fault of their own, but with "Burt L. Standish", his creator, whose brain had conceived and brought him forth not once, but twice. It may have been, of course, that the brain was not hitting on all sixteen the second time, but that didn't help the situation or make Mr. Burrage rate any higher with "Mr. Standish." "Burt L." couldn't forgive Bernie! He kept a malevolent eye on him for the remainder of the summer and fall, and at the first opportunity croaked him again on December 19, 1903. (See Tip Top No. 401 for the sad details.)

A general feeling of great relief was apparent all over the Tip Top world when Mr. Burrage departed this earth for his second journey across the river. And although this time he stayed dead, the readers as a whole retained their distrust and suspicions of him, and for years afterward opened every new issue of Tip Top with some nervousness, half expecting Old Bernie to pop up again. Anything, they felt, could be expected from a fellow like that!

Now, all of the foregoing is just a rather weak attempt by the writer to get funny about a perfectly excusable boner that occurred in the pages of Tip Top when the hard-working author of those fine stories forgot that he had wiped out one of his characters in a previous tale, and began to use him again. The incident is amusing now, but in those days, so extensive was the circulation of Tip Top, so well-known to the juvenile world were even its minor characters, and so real did those characters seem to their followers in real life, that the occurrence created a genuine sensation among the younger readers. To them Burrage seemed to be a real personage, and if he was again in the Tip Top stories, there could be but one answer: Burrage had come back to life. It is hard to imagine the boys of today falling for anything like that, but this all happened nearly forty years ago, and boys in those days believed in Santa Claus, read Grimm's Fairy Tales and similar stuff, and were a different breed from the present-day crop, in more ways than are necessary to mention here.

That the Burrage mistake had its considerable reaction is evident from the extent of the impression it left on the mind of "Mr. Standish". Thirty years after the second demise of Mr. Burrage, he recalled the incident perfectly in an interview with the representative of a New York newspaper, which took place eighteen years after Tip Top, with its entertaining stories of the Merriwells and their friends, had followed Bernie into oblivion. "Burt L.", now in his true character as Gilbert Patten, had the following to say, in part, on the subject of the reincarnation of Bernard Burrage:

"There was the very devil to pay among the readers when Burrage appeared again," he confessed, "and something had to be done. So I tried to smooth things over with a chapter in which I explained that the report on the fellow's death was entirely untrue.

"It must be remembered, in connection with the Burrage incident" he went on, "that my stuff was written in a terrible hurry; in fact, my average rate was four to five thousand words daily for eighteen years. It is no wonder that there would be weeks in which I completely forgot what I had written in previous chapters. It was dangerous, but I had no opportunity for revision and the stories had to come out on time."

Mr Patten speaks too disparagingly of his writings under the name of "Burt L. Standish" in Tip Top Weekly. In spite of the speed with which they were turned out, his stories of the Merriwells were, in the opinion of thousands of Tip Toppers still living and still loyal today, the most interesting and thrilling boys' stories ever printed. Among the hundreds of those Tip Toppers who still remember the Burrage "boner", there is the wish, if not the hope, that history will repeat, and that Mr. Patten may some day do with his famous Tip Top and its beloved characters what he unintentionally did with Bernard Burrage; namely, bring them back from the grave for another and longer lease on life.

Dime Novel Catalogue. Illustrated. Free for stamped, addressed envelope. R. Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOVELNUT NONSENSE

ANNOUNCEMENT: The ROUND-UP SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA will tootle a recital each Saturday night at Smearcase John's Popular Family Basement Parlor. Conductor: Brother Delbert Love.

A SAD INCIDENT: With the thermometer at 95 on a hot day recently, Brother Guinon was found seated beside a fire built of his TIP TOP collection, warming his hands. When asked how-come, he replied that he "wanted to get something out of them, and believed that the red-paint on them would burn hotter, and that anyhow matches were cheap". He was removed to ROUND UP HOSPITAL for further observation and treatment. Head-injuries are free to our novelnuts.

HOLY JOE: Our upright and highly esteemed fellow-collector, Joseph Grantham, is studying for the Ministry, according to Earl Farmer.

EXCITEMENT: Photos of a presumed specimen of the supposedly extinct DODO captured in the Maine Wilds by Brother Bill Burns were sent to our Naturalist, Brother Miller, whose airplane brought him to Rockland. An examination proved disal-lusioning. It was simply an old Shanghai rooster, minus his tail and one eye, an escaped pet of Brother French.

-YE COLUMN EDITOR returns thanks to our Dean, Brother Maroske, for a soothing evening's entertainment. We were introduced to three fellow-bandits, Dopey, Butch, and Stinky, (surnames forgotten), and told to be sociable. Oolong Tea was served freely. By the time the party disintegrated, it was 3:45 a.m. and Butch was so sociable that he had to be pulled out from under the table. Item: Young Hyson Tea is milder.

TWO NEW sentimental ballads from Brother Austin's pen: "Buzz little Blowfly", and "Toddle zig-zag merry Stewbnm". (Adv't)

FOR SALE: My fine elephant-trap. Like new. Easy terms. Write, giving age, sex and references, to Brother Leithead. (Adv't)

BROTHER MORAN, the Oakland Indian Hater, is home from Australia. While successful in cleaning out the three remaining Bushrangers with his famed scatter-gun, Australian law

forbids the taking of scalps. His trophies therefore are mediocre, three bunches of mangy whiskers.

FOR SNAKEBITE: Bragin's famous MCGINTY DROPS. Dollar a quart. (Adv't)

BROTHER MCINTYRE delivered his annual TEMPERANCE LECTURE entitled "Rum Blossoms, their cultivation", before an enthusiastic following. It described the general cussedness lurking in a hot TOM & JERRY on a cold day, and related the sad tale of a friend whose papa got drunk one night and stayed drunk seventeen years so the friend had to work. He would not have had to work otherwise. The audience was composed of old women and small children, the local parson and an Undertaker.

THAT SWISHING SOUND over the radio each night is merely Brother Miller counting over his recovered thousand-dollar bills.

BROTHER HOLMES has recovered his pet cow, Hannah. Last seen en-route for home, Hannah was sailing over a fence as was also our devoted Brother, who had a death-grip on Hannah's tail. They arrived safely.

NOTICE: In the interest of Brotherhood morale, our barrel-house on the river-front has closed down. Another reason; the joint never paid.

LETTER TO ROUND-UP READERS

Dear Friends:

The September number's just came to me and I read it at one sitting, about four hours after receiving it. It was very good, wasn't it? And I think the printer did a very good job with this issue, too. Our friend, Mr. Holmes, surely did wonderfully well with his synopsis—or rather, it's more than a synopsis—of that famous sleuth-hound of the — er, "elegant eighties," old King Brady. The wealthy Lindley Murray Mayo of the story makes me think of Lindley Murray, the famous Quaker of the 17th and 18th centuries.

Many of the old-time authors which we liked to read obtained their first knowledge of grammar thru his textbooks. For many years they were standard works in English and American schools, altho now, of course, they are long forgotten. Nevertheless his name remained as an in-

fluent tradition in the educational world even beyond the Victorian era. He was born in Swatara, Pennsylvania, and after an education in a Quaker school, he was admitted to the bar in New York City. After accumulating a substantial fortune during and after the Revolutionary War in commercial pursuits, he removed to England for his health. There he became famous for his English grammar and other books in English. He died in Yorkshire, England, in 1826. One of his poems was famous—and maybe some of you old-timers recited it on Friday afternoon recitation programs in school. They were abolished before “my day”—but I’ve often read and heard of them. The poem (if it were a poem—perhaps it was but a verse,) began thus:

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains

They crowned him long ago,
Tra, la, la, la, (can’t think of line)
In a diadem of snow.”

Mount Blanc is in the Alps, I think. “Beyond the Alps lies Italy” was another famous line—of some speech by a great man, but of what and by whom I can’t at this moment think.

Well, so much for Lindley Murray. We wonder if Doughty thought of him when he named L. M. Mayo.

Yes, the R-U was interesting from start to end. I was glad to new more about Harry Kennedy in editor Ralph’s “Nosey Knews.” Glad the latter’s got a sense of ‘umor and I hope I’m giving the right writer credit, as he’s (the writer) too modest or too lazy to sign his name to “Novelnut Nonsense” and Nosey News.” So who’s goin’ to know? Novelnut is great. I like the R-U immensely, and sure we all do.

But coming back to Kennedy. I never knew before that he was a ventriloquist nor an author for boys. He indeed possessed rare gifts. His songs lived after him. Tony Pastor, whose name was mentioned in the R-U, was a magic name to the entertained. I think it must make some of you readers a bit sad to recall those brilliant times “of the days that are no more”; to think of the many famous men and women who trod the boards there. Alas, all dead and gone! Pastor, Sherry, and Delmonico! Their names seem to be inseparably linked. It’s beautiful October everywhere

now. The days down here in north Florida are good—like September in New York and New England. I can’t speak for the west, for I’ve never been there in any season. I suppose hunting for game is re-opened now in the northeastern states. But **your** game is dime novels and other old reading matter, tho I suppose there’s many a reader among you that can shoot as straight as Buffalo Bill, Dick Turpin, Dick Deadwood, and others of a by-gone era. No buffaloes any more, but plenty of unprotected people abroad, just the same.

I can’t help but think and write about October as I used to know it in the several years I lived in southern New York State. What memories the month stirs up! The warm sunshine, the hint of crispness in the air, the migrating birds with homesick notes, the chirping of the crickets, the wild geese sometimes overhead, the crimson torches of the sumacs, the dying goldenrod, the wild asters and wild gentians, Queen Anne’s lace, the silk balloons of the milkweed, the bright woodbine on the old stone walls, the bobwhite’s call from the copse and the partridge and the English pheasant started flights, the late aftermath of the cloverfields, the scent of the grapes as they hung on the vines before the first frosts. The chestnuts—how well I remember those frosty mornings as I hurried before schooltime to snatch up a few from our grove of big trees, and the other big one by the brook across the field!

Oh, there’s so many pictures of autumn as I recall it from a haze of memories! It makes me half-sad.

“When springs run low and on the brooks

In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush

Of woods for winter waiting.”

Winter comes so soon in New England. It comes sooner everywhere than most of us like it.

I have kaleidoscoped just a bit of nature, leaving out so many other things that make October so wonderfully beautiful and memorable

There is a domestic picture, too, I recall, in which my mother figures conspicuously. House-cleaning, probably, hanging on from September, and taking care of flower bulbs in

the last days of the month. There are pictures of buckwheat gathering—don't you think of the honey made from those fragrant blossoms earlier?—of threshing the aforementioned buckwheat and oats and wheat, gathered in those awful hot days of July and August, "right in the middle of haying", as my oldest brother used to say. And of cutting corn for the filling of silos—(I lived on a dairy farm and can milk cows better than I can write)—the gathering of pumpkins and late garden stuff for winter use, digging potatoes, picking apples from the laden orchard boughs, I have participated in them all, e'en tho I had a weak heart and a frail body.

October in Florida is so different. I cannot speak much about other sections, as this is an all-round sunshine state. There are different crops of vegetables and fruit and other produce in each part. The cotton in Florida has all been gathered by those dark-skinned people without which the south could not well exist and the gins are separating the lint from the seed. Farmers have sold their tobacco. This county—Columbia—is a great tobacco-growing region. There are three large warehouses here in Lake City and the auction marketing concludes with a big dance one night with the whole county coming out.

Just now in this section cane and corn and peanuts are crops which the farmers are working at. Cane syrup they manufacture here and also corn whiskey. I don't use either, but I'd like a mug or two of your "brown October ale" up there in the north and northeast. I suppose I think of you New England reader more than any others who live all over the nation. I know editor Cummings only by correspondence, but we "hit it off" real well with that. And since he lives in Mass., I also think of you other editors and readers whose names I see in the R-U.

Editor Ralph has long been thru with potato digging by the time this paper comes to you, but he was doing that when I last heard from him. The sweet potatoes here in Columbia will be dug in November, but, of course, we have them in the market from more southern points. And as this is also a great hog-raising section many bristled porcines are being slaughtered now, and from now on to

winter, down here in Dixie "where the cotton and the cane and 'taters grow"—and the 'possums and the persimmons and wild turkeys—the latter down toward and in the Everglades. Next month's Thanksgiving. Ummm!

Yours, with memories,

Hermon Pitcher

Lake City, Fla.

Oct. 15.

MY FIRST NOVEL

By L. Morgan

Washington, D. C.

"Listen, Nellie!"

"The strains of a violin came softly and faintly from a distant room. The musician was playing that sweetest and saddest of tunes, "Home, Sweet Home."

"Little Jack, who had been getting supper on the table, opened the door of the room that they might hear the music more distinctly."

"Frank had returned from a day of hard labor. He had taken a bath and changed his clothes. Now he was sitting near little Nell, the blind girl, to whom he had been telling the story of his day's experiences * * *."

Well gents, the above is from Chapter 1, Tip Top Weekly No. 123, "Frank Merriwell's Hard Luck, or a Slip on the Ladder," published August 20, 1898. There are, to me, two interesting reasons why this issue of Tip Top Weekly means so much. It was my first novel! Purchased by myself almost 40 years ago at the news stand on Main Street back in the little home town in the hills of West Virginia. I recall that I read and re-read this particular novel, for it was my first "buy", and my purchases at that time were few and far between. I was young, times were hard, and a nickel in those days was hard to land. Then, too, the reading had to be done in the barn and the novel hid under the hay in the meantime. Tip Top No. 123 was my library for the time, and I very peatly stamped my name and address on the cover.

A year or two slipped by, circumstances changed somewhat, and I became able to make my regular weekly purchase of Tip Top, exchanging some with boys in the neighborhood, and

continued to read them up to Nos. 450 or 500, when, as to be expected, I "outgrew" them, traded and gave most of them away—my "Dime Novel" days apparently were over.

Time passed—I entered college, the old home town was left behind, and novels were forgotten insofar as I was concerned; in fact, it was not until 1922 that I gave them any further thought, when I received a letter forwarded from my old home address in West Virginia, sent by a party in Oklahoma, stating he had noted my name and address signed to one of the "applause" letters in an old copy of Tip Top, and asking if I had any of the old timers for sale. It was then that I again became interested. I learned that Raymond L. Caldwell of Reading, Penn., had some of the early issues for sale. I immediately wrote Mr. Caldwell, and later purchased some two or three hundred of the older issues; and with the lot, Mr. Caldwell sent me, with his compliments, Tip Top Weekly No. 123. On the cover was my name just as I had stamped it after I purchased it in 1898!

As I write this I have this old novel before me; it has been patched and repaired many times; exactly nineteen rubber stamps appear on the covers, and the addresses indicate it has been from Maine to Texas, and from the East to the Pacific Coast before again coming in my possession. I had the good fortune of meeting Mr. Caldwell last summer, and it was with a great deal of pleasure that I dragged out this old timer which I purchased at the news stand some 40 years ago, and which had after so many years come back in my possession, thanks to Mr. Caldwell.

I have since completed my file of Tip Top Weekly, but my first "buy", No. 123, patched, repaired, taped, and worn with the years, means more to me than all the rest.

The day of the "Dime Novel" is practically at an end, and only a very small number of the many millions that were printed remain, and those are being sought by the Public Libraries for permanent record. The National Library of Congress, in the Nation's Capitol, has collected these old timers for the past few years. Strange, is it not, that these same dime novels that were considered un-

fit for reading when we were boys should eventually be recognized by such Institutions? However, compare the reading matter with some of the junk on the news stands today and there is little wonder that Federal funds are being expended in an effort to preserve for the future these original dime novels of earlier years.

HAPPY HOURS BROTHERHOOD MEMBERS FOR 1940

10. L. C. Skinner, 36 Chaplin Street, Pawtucket, R.I.
14. Wm. M. Kreling, 180 San Anselmo Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
17. Charles Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
25. George S. Barton, 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
33. John Breznicky, R. 1057 Peace St., Hazleton, Pa. (old member)
95. Howard Fahrner, 785-787 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.
98. Powell Gulick, Wide World Photos, Times Annex, 229 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y.

Wanted: Wooden Indian, a few Snaps and Comic's. What do you want? Boyer, 2700 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Old Cylinder and Disc records. Send a ten cent coin for my Latest List. Alderic Richard, 349 Summer St., New Bedford, Mass.

Have 1st editions of Castleman, Alger and Trawbridge. What have you, send list. T. G. Mauritzen, Room 211, 404 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Have 1938 Scotts Postage Stamp Catalogue to trade for what? Frank Lynn, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass.

Have thick book size Novels, such as The Merriwell Series, New Magnet Libraries, Ted Strongs, Algiers, Boy Scouts, Old Sleuths, Jesse James, Old Caps, Beadles, etc. to sell, or trade for? Send list. Valley Dime Book Co., Fisherville, Mass.

Wants—Old Broadbrim Weeklies. What do you want? Edward J. Smeltzer, Newportville, Pa.

Wanted: Merriwell Series #51, 74, 75, 77, 85, 93, 95, 99, 101, 124, for what. Edward LeBlanc, 1328 Randolph St., N. E. Washington, D.C.

Wanted: Young Klondikes, Blue & Gray, Pluck & Lucks, Secret Service, etc. Send stamped envelope for my Lists of hundreds of wants. Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Have New York Weeklies, Saturday Nights, Wide Awake Libraries, Tip Top, Wild Wests, Pluck & Lucks, Nick Carters, Do & Dares, others; want Liberty Boys of '76, Yankee Doodles, Young Glorys, Young Klondikes, Blue & Grays, L. C. Skinner, 36 Chaplin St., Pawtucket, R.I.

Fellows:— Shall we have a Birthday No. for January? If so, Ad Rates will be; 1c per word; Quarter page \$1.00. Half page \$1.50 and full page \$2.50. The Pub.

For the most thrilling and romantic stories of the West, read "Ranch Romances." On the newsstands everywhere twice a month.

WANTED—

Cloth bound books by G. A. Henty, Everett J. Tomlinson, Edward S. Ellis and many other's. Will exchange for them other old times such as Harry Castleman, Harry Collingwood, Mayne, Reid, Ellis, Optic, Alger and many others.

W. M. Burns,

15 Cottage St., Rockland, Maine

I WILL PAY

FIVE DOLLARS for No. 1 of Tip Top Library.

\$2.50 each for Work and Win No. 1 and any or all of the following: Tip Top Library 3, 4, 5, 15, 16, 17, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 32, 33, 39.

Must be in nice condition, with ORIGINAL COLORED COVERS.

Hundreds of fine old novels in condition to exchange for my wants.

J. P. Guinon

Box 214 Little Rock, Arkansas

FOR SALE

Liberty Boys of '76. #113 124 200
221 275 301 312 316 319 333 337 344
359 360 361 364 366 374 395 330 362
388 407 415 436 482 498 609 610 632 641.

Fame and Fortune. #1 to 4 6 7 8 9
11 to 32 35 56 62 69 81 82 97 123 135
151 157 178 189 191 195 203 205 207
209 212 213 214 219 221 227 239 251
263 269 287 270 271 275 277 281 291
295 299 303 309 311 315 319 321 308
317 318 323 333 343 345 347 349 351
353 355 358 367 371 389 397 399 401
403 405 408 409 411 414 417 420 421
425 429 431 433 434 435 437 445 449
453 457 470 to 473 476 482 495 551 582
689 701 145 199 107 210 133 497 582
960 1011 1015 1027 1033 121 308 51
395 415 436 439 443 446 454 455 459
466 467 468 474 477 478 also about 20
other scattered nos.

Secret Service. #592 600 698 421 574
277 355 450 699 549 691 809 810 159

Pluck and Luck. #165 173 174 198
262 309 316 320 329 335 423 429 464
473 491 523 1019.

Wild West. #42 50 93 96 235 243
247 256 269 332 343 345 358 421 423
498 517.

Wide Awake Weekly. #76 90 96 102
108 99 129 103 127.

All Around. #9.

Frank Reade Weekly #44.

Work and Win. #177 201 213 217
220 225 226 228 245 248 251 267 271
282 286 296 298 338 342 346 373 374
391 393 395 428 429 431 435 436 437
439 448 449 453 457 459 473 474 475
482 484 485 524 527 532 536 547 549
528 571 580 586 610 581 615 625 637
639 640 643 647 653 667 673 681 685 690.

Rating, 95% perfect condition.

Any of the above, except Frank Reade, and Fame and Fortune Nos. 1 to 30 at 75c each, the other at 60c each, 10 or more 50c each or \$40.00 per 100. Send all orders to:

RAY MENGAR

1022 So. 44th St., San Diego, Calif.

WANTED AT ALL TIMES

EARLY DIME NOVELS

EARLY AMERICAN FICTION

AMERICANA IN GENERAL

PROMPT PAYMENT ALWAYS

Edward Morrill & Son

144 Kingston Street
Boston, Massachusetts